"The White Hen" Sings Sweetly, But Cackles Sadly.

HANKS to Louis Mann's Tricassed dialect, a whole basketful of pretty lays by Guelay Kerker, and some lively spring chickens in the chorus, "The White Hen" managed to roost above threatened fallure at the Casino on Saturday night. More than once Roderic C. Penfield's dull and heavy book almost dragged the new fowl off its perch, but in nearly every instance Mr. Kerker rushed to the rescue with a soothing tune, or Mr. Mann twisted the lines into amusing shape.

As the wishbone of this poultry show Mr. Mann was his old funny self. If his Hensie Blinder wasn't so funny as his Hans Nix, Mr. Mann wasn't to blame, He did wonders with "lines" that would have been as dry as a bone in the hands of any one else. There was nothing new in what he did, but that didn't matter, for his dialect is good for many a year yet, and his explanation that doesn't explain is still his one best trick. It was a relief to remember that he had buried "Julie Bon Bon" in London and to see that he had got back to first

than the plot, which plunged Mr. Mann, as a Tyrolean hotel-keeper, into the matrimonial soup. The hotel was "The White Hen"-with a red sign and pary a sign of a hen. Aside from Mr. Mann, the only thing about the place at all Austrian was the scenery. For one thing, the head waiter, as played by William F. Carroll, was more Hiram than Heinrich.

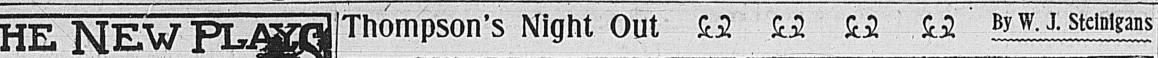
Miss Carrie E. Perkins was all in black as a Viennese marriage broker and werything she did was all in black. The first real hit was made by half a dozen shorus ladies dressed like Miss Rose Stahl in the piece at Hackett's, who were very, reckless with "The Prima Donna," a number more notable for its high kicking than its high notes. One of the girls walked off with the dance at the end by giving a little of Eddie Foy, a bit of Elfie Fay and a great deal of herself. It was said in the lobby that her name is Patsy Miller, and that no stage manager had ever been able to place her under control. The power behind the scenes at the Casino should use all his strength, however, to keep her from apoiling a good thing, as she did on Baturday night. The trouble with her was that she didn't know when to stop.

The chorus played a lively part in the piece. It frou-froued in every few minutes to help out the "principals" and puckered its lips in a whistle when Miss Louise Gunning sang her prettiest number "Follow, Follow." Miss Gunning seemed very much pleased about everything and sang as though she liked it. What she rang about, the librettist only knows, but after hearing the words of some of the other songs it was easy to forgive her, if not thank her, Mr. R. C. Herz was very careful to give the audience every word of 'Very

Well Then." The song wasn't at all well and Mr. Herz was even worse. He was positively ghastly as a lawyer who, like some of the lawyers now perform the Criminal Courts Building, talked too much. Mr. Robert Michaelis, who same with one eye shut, took some of the bloom off "Edelweiss," by all odds the prettiest song in the piece. Miss Lotta Paust made eyes at Hensie, but made very little of her two songs, neither of which was worth much,

"The White Hen" became a wet hen in the second act, though the vocal acrobatics of Miss Gunning seemed to make the house think it was getting something very good. Her "Printemps" was anything but gentle spring. A donkey stood by her in another song, "That's Why the Danube Is Blue." Perhaps that was why the donkey was blue. He acted as though he wanted a little human sympathy, snuggling close to Miss Gunning and keeping his weather. eye on the bass drum. This admirable actor made a distinct hit.

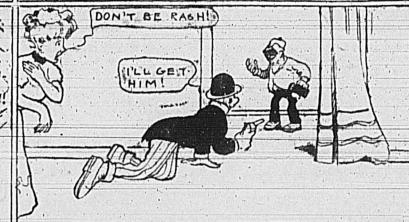
The donkey was by far the best part of the second act, which fell a long way short of the first half of the performance. Mr. Kerker has done his part work very well, but otherwise the piece is badly in need of revision. A few more rehearsals would also improve matters. There were moments of wild groping for lines on Saturday night that suggested an Ellen Terry performance. Mr. Mann had a distinct advantage—he said what he pleased in his own way,





THERE'S SOME-

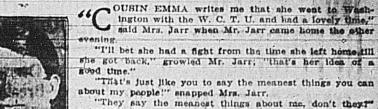






Plain Tales from the Hills * * By Rudyard Kipling &





asked Mr. Jarr. "Well, they know you better than I do, perhaps," said-Mrs. Jarr, "but Cousin Emma said they will have a bill passed as no intextcating liquor can be sold in the District

"What does she care? She lives in Delaware," said Mr.

Jarr. You wouldn't talk that way in her house," said Mrs. Jarr. "And the way you praised her cooking, too!"
"Well, say." said Mr. Jarr, relaxing into a grin, "when your Cousin Enums.

makes a plum pudding with brandy sauce two helpings certainly send one to You're a wreight' said Mrs. Jarr. "Cousin Emma violated her own principles in having that brandy sauce. She would have had just vanilla sauce if you hadn't been thers. Oh, don't' be so anxious to throw odium on others. It would be much better for us all if you gave Coustn Emma a helping hand in her good work for

temperance by distributing those tracts she sent you." "And you would be better off and we would all be better off if you only went into barrooms to warn young men to beware of the wine cup!" "I'd be a fine pest, wouldn't I?" said Mr. Jarr. "And look here," here he

scowled. "why is it your people can't let me slone?" "They can come on a visit and bust up this happy home in fifteen minutes." and they can't even write, a letter but what it has some roast in it for me, or tarts us to fighting, anyway." "She only saked me in her letter if you were still addition," said Mrs. Jam;

and it's a shame for you to wilify that woman, who gives up her whole life for "You let her mind her own business! I don't drink to hurt none," said Mr.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Jarr, with intense seriousness, "little do you know, Edward jarr, how the drink habit is taking hold of you! Your nose is getting red"-

"Tain't!" said Mr. Jarr quickly. "It was cold and I rubbed it." "It shines like a russet shoe," said Mrs. Jarr, which remark disconcerted Mr. Jarr not a little. "And furthermore," continued the good lady, "you are shorten-

But I'm lengthening my nights," said Mr. Jarr, feebly attempting to be

You are shortening your days," repeated Mrs. Jarr. "Alcehol shortens the life of all addicted to it. "Not so!" said Mr. Jarr. "I can tell you lots of cases that it lengthens life."

"Tell me one instance," said Mrs. Jarr. "Well," anid Mr. Jarr, "don't you remember the piece in the paper where they were lynching the fellow in Arkansas and they gave him time to finish a sk he had with him?"

passage on the Larchmont at Providence, but stopped in a saloon for a drink, took too many and forgot the boat. Didn't good old booze save their lives?" Mrs. Jarr gave him a contemptuous look. "You talk stily!" she said. "And don't you take off your coat; I want you to go out to the store for some eggs and butter and some cooking sherry, and you'd better order in a box of beer, as the McCutcheons will be here this evening."

BETTY VINCENTS O

HEN I speak of "the girl who filrts" I do not refer to the girt who makes chance acquaintances or who by her manner attracts the attention of strangers. That is not flirting. For such girls as that the only advice I or any self-respecting person can give is "DON'T!"

The girl I am talking to to-day is she who flirts with

men she knows. You are probably expecting a moral lecture on this subject. You are going to hear nothing of the sort, To many girls innocent flirting is a second nature. They can no more keep from it than a kitten can keep from playing. And men understand this and humor them in this little recreation. No hearts are broken, no boundaries of good ing or good tasts are overstepped, no harm is done.

The girl who flirts with the hope of winning men's hearts is as a rule little nore dangerous. For the days are almost past when the innocent, trustful swaln they were a half-century ago. Don't think from all this that I am indorsing firtation. I am not. If a girl keeps within bounds and the man fully underusually done. But if the game ceases to be a game and beco an does not understand that it is mere harmless sport, or if he presumes on it, then it is that flirtation becomes too perflous to be regarded as a pastime. Be ever on the lookout for this. And when you find such states of affairs are imminent, drop the flirtation once and for all Flirthe at best is none too ente The average girl would far better leave it alone

A Bow-Legged Girl. Dear Betty:

I have been keeping steady company with a young lady of twentycause this young lady is very bowlegged. They say that when I get married my children will be all bow-legged and red headed like their mother, I try to tell them that red hair is a great mark of beauty, but to no avail. Is it true that my children will be bow-



is insulting to the young lady. I do not give advice on questions of

AM a young man of twenty-five and | HAVE been keeping company with My friends make fun of me be- and when we returned she asked me to



5 H-5H! MY

IN MY COAT!

Plan I ales from the Fills ## By Kudyard Kipling ## By Kudyard ## By Kudyar

Mrs. Jarr only snewred.

lileed. As illustrated blue serge is trimand white banding

collar and shield of white; but dark red tumes of the rort shepherd's checks also are used, and this season they are unusually pretty and youthful in ef-The quantity of

material required for the medium-size (16 years) is 6 yards 27, 5 yards 36 or 4 yards 44 Inches wide with 5-8 vard of

contrasting material for the shield and 12 1-4 yards of braid,

How to

Girl's Blouse Costume-Pattern No. 5597. Pattern No. 5507 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN-York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered IMPORTANT-Write your name and address pisinly, and always specify also wanted.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

MERICANS are beginning to real-A MERICANS are beginning to realize the value of salad greens, which, while they contain no great nutriment, are cooling, refreshing, and assist in stimulating the appetite, while the olive oil dressing is scald three pints milk and stir into it with the food value. of high food value. A simple and pret-one cup sitted meal. When cooked ty salad is made of the large pickled through add two-thirds cup molasses. beets which come in glass jars and one egg, salt. Pour inte a pudding dish lettuce. Use the inner delicate leaves and bake one hour, then pour in one of the lettues and pile thin slices of the beets upon them. Cover with three hours.

French dressing. Watercress is desicious with this dressing, served with Chocolate Blanc Mange. cheese balls and crackers. Lettuce needs careful treatment to render it fresh and crisp for serving. Remove the leaves from the stalk, discarding water. Keep in a large vessel of co'd cars. Yanilla. Heat the milk until boil-or leed water until erlsp; dram and the the other ingredients; place on a towel in such a way that | the water may drop from the leaves. Serve of Those whose kitchens are equipped custard. with all the most approved utenas's have a wire basket for the drying of Snowdrift. have a wire basket for the drying of lettuce, which is hung in the lewer part of the ice box. A bag made from white mosquito netting is used by many for the same purpose. Of all salad dressings, French dressing is the eastern the first come to a boil. Put it on the dressing is the case most come. est one to make and the one most com- ice, and when thick bear into the monly served. An excellent recipe calls whites of two east. Then put in mould

NE quart of milk, one-half box gelatine, soaked in one cup water, four tablespoons grated chocolate rubbed smooth in a little milk, two ergs, vanilla. Heat the milk until bollboll five minutes. Pour into mold. Serve cold with sugar and cream or

for four tablespoonfuls of olive oil and and place on ice. Serve with a custard swe tablespoonfuls of vinegar, with a made of two rolks.



